

THE WEEKLY PANOLA STAR.

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PANOLA, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1899.

VOLUME 13, No. 10.

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THE WEEKLY PANOLA STAR.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

WALSH, POLK & RANDOLPH.

E. J. WALSH, J. A. POLK, FREEMAN RANDOLPH.

SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, in advance, \$1.00.

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For three months, in advance, \$1.00.

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To Correspondents.—Write plain, with ink, and on one side of the sheet. Ten lines of ordinary manuscript, on letter paper, will make one square.

Sun and Shadow.

As I look from the life, o'er its billows of green.

To the billows of form-erected blue,

You look, that afar in the distance is seen,

Half-dreaming, my eyes will pursue;

Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray

As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;

Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,

The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun;

Of breakers that whiten and roar;

How little he cares if in shadow or sun

They see him who gaze from the shore.

He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef

To the rock that is under his lee,

As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,

Over the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaunted caves

Where life and its ventures are laid,

The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves

May see us in sunshine or shade;

Yet true to our course, though our shadow grew dark,

We'll trim our broad sail as before,

And stand by the rudder that governs our bark,

Nor ask how we look from the shore.

Social Life in China.

In China, man and wife never

walk together arm-in-arm in public,

nor even side by side, but the wife

always follows her lord at a respectable

distance, as the women do

among the American Indians. At

social parties the sexes sit at different

tables, occupy separate rooms,

and visit only among themselves.

Strangers of opposite sexes are never

introduced, nor do the women ever

speak to the men, unless relatives or

very intimate associates of the family.

There is no such thing as social

life, in our sense of the word, among

Chinese. And all their social and

domestic theories and practices are

based on the idea of woman's inferiority

and insignificance. She is regarded

only as a servant and underling,

and in no sense fit to be a

companion and equal of man. She

feels her inferiority, and in the main

submits cheerfully to her fate. The

idea of "woman's rights" has never

entered her mind. So thoroughly

is this feeling of inferiority ingrained

in her nature that, in the only

book ever produced in China by a

female author, the proposition is

gravely stated and elaborately

argued and illustrated, that "woman

was made for the same purpose that

tiles are—for men to tread upon."

How Smith Asked the Old Man.

Smith had just asked Mr. Thompson

son's daughter if she would give

him a lift out of bachelordom, and

she said "Yes."

It therefore became absolutely

necessary to get the old gentleman's

permission, as, as Smith said, the

arrangements might be made to hop

the conjugal twig.

Smith said he'd rather pop the in-

terrogatory to all of old Thompson's

daughters, and his sister, and his

lady consins, and his aunt Hannah,

in the country, and his whole female

relations, than ask old Thompson.

But it had to be done, so he sat

and studied out a speech which he

was to deliver at old Thompson's

very first time he got a shy at him.

So Smith dropped in on him one

Sunday evening, when all the family

had gathered around to meeting,

and found him doing a sum in ale

measure.

"How are you, Smith?" said old

Thompson as the former walked in,

white as a piece of chalk, and trem-

bling as if he had swallowed a con-

densed earthquake. Smith was

afraid to answer, 'cause he wasn't

sure about that speech. He knew

he had to keep his grip on it while

he had it there, or it would slip

from him quicker than an oiled

rod through an anger hole. So he

blurted out—

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: Perhaps it

may not be unknown to you, that

during an extended period of some

five years, I have been busily en-

gaged in the prosecution of a com-

mmercial enterprise—

"Is that so, and keep it a' se-

cret all this time, while I thought

you were tending store? Well, by

George, you are one of them now

ain't you?"

Smith had begun to think it all

over again to get the run of it.

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: Perhaps it

may not be unknown to you, that

during the extended period of five

years, I have been busily engaged

in the prosecution of a commercial

enterprise, with the determination to

secure a sufficient maintenance—

"Sit down, Smith, and help your-

self to beer. Don't stand there

holdin' your hat, like a blind beggar,

with paralysis. I never have seen

you behave so queer in all my born

days."

Smith had been knocked out

again, and so he had to wander back

again, and take a fresh start.

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: 'It may

not be unknown to you, that, during

an extended period of five years

I have been busily engaged in the

prosecution of a commercial enter-

prise, with the determination to pro-

vide a sufficient maintenance—"

"A which name?" asked old

Thompson; but Smith held on to

the last word as if it was his only

chance; and went on:

"In the hope that I might some

day enter wedlock, and bestow my

earthly possessions upon one whom

I could call my own. I have been

a lonely man, sir, and have felt that

it is not good for a man to be alone;

therefore I would—"

"Neither is it, Smith; I'm

glad you dropped in. How's the

old man?"

"Mr. Thompson, Sir," said Smith,

in despairing confusion, raising his

voice to a yell, "it may not be

known to you that during an ex-

tended period of a lonely man, I

have been engaged to enter wedlock,

and bestowed all my enterprise on

one I could determine to be good for

certain possessions—no, I mean—

that is—that—Mr. Thompson, Sir:

It may not be unknown—"

"And, then, again, it may. Look

here, Smith, you had better lay

down and take something warm—

you ain't well."

Smith sweating like a four year

old colt, went in again.

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: It may

not be unknown to you to prosecute

me whom you a friend, for a com-

mmercial maintenance, but—but—

—dang it—Mr. Thompson, Sir: It—"

"Oh, Smith you talk like a fool.

I never seen such a first-class idiot

in the course of my whole life—

What's the matter with you, any-

how?"

"Mr. Thompson, Sir," said Smith

in an agony of bewilderment, "it

may not be known that you prosec-

uted a lonely man who is not good

for a commercial period of a week

for some five years, but—"

"See here, Mr. Smith, you're

drunk, and if you can't behave bet-

ter than that, you'd better leave; if

you don't I'll chuck you out, or I'm

a Dutchman."

"Mr. Thompson, Sir," said Smith,

trailed with despair, "It may not be

known to you that my earthly pos-

sessions are engaged to enter wed-

lock five years with a sufficiently

lonely man, who is not good for a

commercial maintenance—"

"The very dace he isn't. Now

you just get up and git, or I'll knock

what little brains out of you you've

got left."

With that, old Thompson took

Smith and shot him into the street,

as if he'd run him against a loco-

motive, going at the rate of forty

miles an hour. Before old Thompson

had time to shut the front door,

Smith collected his legs and one

thing and another, that were lying

around on the pavement, arranged

himself in a vertical position, and

yelled out:

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: It may not

be known to you—"

which made the old man so wret-

ched mad that he went out and set a

bull terrier on

Smith before he had a chance to

lift a brogan, and there was a sci-

entific dog-fight with odds in favor

of the dog, for he had an awful hold

for such a small animal.